



# punch

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



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## Charivaria

THE other day fifty-seven Italian fighters were found escorting a single bomber. One theory is that they drive off attacks by mosquitoes.

Germany has issued a "Hands Off Bulgaria" warning to Balkan powers. Including, of course, Bulgaria.



### Sons of Guns

"The gunners are descended from artillery that served the Knights of St. John."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"Pyjamas for women were unheard of in Victorian times," says a writer. But there are of course plenty of people whose memories go back to the Gay Nighties.

HITLER, we are reminded, was once clean-shaven. But that, of course, was six or seven whiskers ago.

A motorist wants to know what garage mechanics wipe their greasy hands on when there are no steering wheels about.

One good way to get people to play better bridge would be not to let them see the prizes beforehand.

HITLER, we are told, has been wearing spectacles for some time now when working in his study. They are not so rose-coloured as they were at first.

### World Record?

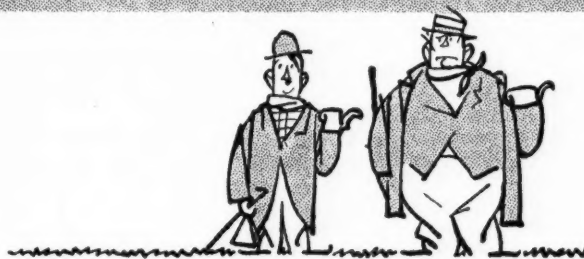
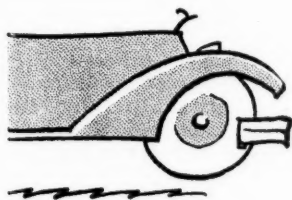
"So many young officers, when war broke out, decided to marry at once, instead of waiting for a few years, as they would have done in normal circumstances. Now their children have to be educated."—*Daily Paper*.

The Germans are now trying to sell their art treasures to wealthy Americans. It is not clear whether these would include Dr. GOEBBELS.

"No amount of argument will convince HITLER that he's on the wrong track," says a writer. Only the next stop will do that.

An American jockey has written a long poem on horse-racing, but has so far refused to show it to his friends. Not even a preliminary canto.

"What will HITLER, GOERING and Co. do after the war?" asks a correspondent. They will probably try to infiltrate quietly into a distant country disguised as civilians.





Sillence

*"Now I'm going to ask Jimmie to tell you all how he won his Conspicuous Gallantry Medal."*

### Ski Pilot

**A**N exile in a bitter northern land, I was tempted from my study of the works of Scott and of various Flying Training Manuals by a vision of sunshine on a fine snow-capped peak; and very soon I had carried my skis up to snow level. Few other skiers were to be seen, but one kindred spirit was also bound for the summit of the Ben; he was a young Roumanian, and like all his countrymen he had spent much of his life doing figure eights across Roumania before breakfast. Heartened by his company and by frequent references to my pocket altimeter I got to the top without once sinking into one of those

moods of pensive melancholy which are so often the only help Scott can give his heroes in their struggle against boredom. Even when the instrument indicated that we were more than a thousand feet higher than summit level, and so presumably in considerable danger, the intrepid Roumanian pointed out that we were still on terra firma with the summit cairn before us.

Once there, we shared all our provisions fifty-fifty in the orthodox way—that is to say, he gave me half an orange—and he then set off down; after a graceful run forward and a skilful turn, he disappeared into what

seemed to me to be a bottomless cavern. Half a minute later I saw him draw up calmly far below, whence he beckoned me to follow. But I had hardly begun the prolonged meditation which Scott would have considered essential in my situation, and I waved him on; he was soon lost to sight.

I had plenty to think about. It was now that I began to realize the differences between ski-ing in Scotland and in the Tyrol. In the Tyrol the natives are out to help you enjoy yourself, for a fair profit; the Scot takes no interest in your ski-ing—he can make all the profit he wants by

easier means. At the top of a Tyrolean Alp there is always an easy way down and an expert guide to lead you along it; on a Scottish Ben there is neither. Most important of all, in the Tyrol there is real snow, soft powdery stuff through which one's skis glide smoothly; whereas the white material sprinkled so plentifully over Scotland, whatever it may look like, is not snow at all. It may perhaps be some strange form of ice, but it certainly is not snow. Sceptics are invited to bite it and see.

At this point I found that I was moving; my skis had decided to start without me. The ice—let us call it that—crackled unevenly under them, and I moved faster and faster, helpless in the grip of the element. Remembering my first ski-ing lesson, I sat down quickly. To my horror I found that even this device was not immediately successful, and it was only by clutching hard at the ground and burying my arms to the elbows that I was able to regain control. My next advance took me down a steeper slope, and I did not attempt to ski it in the ordinary way: instead, I placed my skis firmly across the slope and set off sideways. The resulting evolution rapidly developed into something like a disaster of the first magnitude. By applying tooth and claw and every other anatomical protuberance I could command I made a very forced landing some two hundred feet below the summit.

I was roused by a hail from below. The Roumanian had watched my progress with, I fancy, some concern, but after ejecting the ice from my mouth I was able to convince him that I was in full control of the situation. At that he turned, and five minutes later I could see him more than a mile away on the lower slopes, half-way home.

I looked about me. On every side were frightful precipices and yawning chasms, fantastic rocks and grotesque malformations of ice. It was in this singular spot—as the great Sir Walter would undoubtedly have described it—that I evolved a new principle and so saved my life. This was, as far as possible, to keep the skis off the ground altogether. Unorthodox, perhaps, but it brought me down the steep upper slopes with a whole skeleton hidden away somewhere within a coating of ice. Indeed I progressed so well that, seeing a small frozen loch at the foot of the principal massif, I once more drew myself to my feet, hoping to ski down and end the run without violence on the flat surface. The result was my first genuine piece of aerobatics. It

was a triple loop. As far as I could judge, the first revolution broke one leg, the second the other; and the third, which threw me heavily on my head, I felt certain was fatal.

This idea was not dispelled when I rose to my feet to find my surroundings apparently unchanged. Obviously the powers had arranged a gentle transition from one world to the next—a merciful purgatory. Before me on the loch I saw a huge and obviously benignant ptarmigan, and behind me up the hill stood the Monarch of the Glen: the keepers of rival eternities. The Monarch barked a rather doubtful invitation, and I decided against Olympus; meanwhile the ptarmigan squawked, and in the squawk I distinctly heard: "Come on down-hill after me." He then flapped lazily away to indicate the direction.

After crossing the loch, I proceeded to fly down—on skis—and during the rest of the journey the voice of the ptarmigan remained to guide and advise me, though I never saw the bird again.

"Whatever you do, don't go into a dive," said the ptarmigan.

"I won't," I agreed fervently. "But how am I going to stop?"

"Don't worry about landing yet. Just fly on."

My progress became rather alarming and I made another appeal.

"What about your controls?" said the ptarmigan.

"Well, what about them?" I said. "As far as I can see, I have no control whatever over my elevator or rudder. And I have no wings to control. So what about it?"

"Use your arms as wings."

I extended my arms into wing position, and held my palms downwards.

"Now put on some flap," said the ptarmigan.

I rotated my hands until the palms faced forwards. It was all I could do. It had no effect whatever. I then used a wing to scratch my nose.

"Look out!" said the ptarmigan.

To my amazement I found that I was turning straight into a gully.

"Use the other wing instead."

I reversed wings, and at once turned out of danger.

"You needn't scratch your nose every time," said the ptarmigan.

"It'll work without that. Now steer a Great Circle route."

The pains I have taken to try to understand the difference between a Great Circle and a Rhumb Line bore little fruit, for although some parts of my descent were undoubtedly greatly circular—nearly full circles, in fact—

the complete track could only be described as a very Rhumb Line indeed.

"Aim for that tree," advised the ptarmigan.

There was on the hill a solitary tree that made a very good target, and I had a faint hope of being able to stop there; indeed, I steered my two skis on opposite sides of the trunk. But I went straight through it! Fortunately the Theory of Navigation supplies a convincing explanation of this phenomenon: it arises from the difference between *course* and *track*. Your course is the way you *steer*, while your track is the way you *go*: two very different things, from all I hear. My right ski must have marked out the course, and my left followed the track. But where my right ski really went I simply don't know.

All at once I came to myself. I was standing still on a green slope, surrounded by canny Scots, and I discovered later that I had stood there for several minutes, occasionally swaying my fuselage or waving a wing, unaware that I had made a perfect landing. Ski experts will agree that it is possible to be stationary on a snow-slope without knowing it, but on grass the illusion must be very rare. One glance at the assembled company was enough to persuade me that no explanation I could invent would satisfy them: they had decided on their own explanation already, and nothing would shake them.

Since my mind returned to normal it has occurred to me that I must have been fey that afternoon. Scott, however, seems to suggest that feydom only occurs shortly before death. I am naturally reluctant to regard the attack of influenza from which I now seem to be recovering as likely to prove fatal, so I am making further researches in the hope of establishing the possibility of a half-fey condition. I want to survive, if only so that I can convey my thanks in person to that excellent ptarmigan.

## Weight of Words

GIVE me books  
(Curs't be the fools who flout them),  
They are a boon in country or in town.  
Solid books,  
What should I do without them?  
How could I keep my black-out curtains down?



## How Hitler?

(With even more than the usual apologies)

TIME after time I am asked the question "If Hitler does decide to invade this country, what method will he employ, and what ought I to do about it if he did?" Although therefore the Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Command, the Ministry of Information, and even the Prime Minister himself have implored me on their knees not to tell, I feel that I should be guilty of betraying my readers' confidence if I yielded to their entreaties, their blandishments, their tears.

First of all then let it be clearly understood that *there are only five ways open to Hitler of striking at our shores.*

These are:

1. By ship
2. By sky
3. By submarine
4. By tunnel
5. By swimming

and let it be added that:

*Only by the first four of these can he hope to invade our territory dryshod.*

A word or two of caution is, however—or maybe are—necessary in considering these variations of our opponent's strategy.

*Firstly.* They may be employed separately or all at once.

*Secondly.* They may be employed at one place only or everywhere at the same time.

*Thirdly.* They may be employed at any moment of the day or night from 0001 hours to 2359 or even in between.

From this it will be perceived at once that if Hitler were to attack a single point on the Kentish coast in a fleet of amphibian flat-bottomed motor-launches, accompanied by several thousand aeroplanes and a posse of Untersee boats, whilst at the same time he emerged from half a dozen subterranean burrows and established a footing on the beach supported by water-wings or an apparently innocent rubber horse, our defences would be hard put to it to resist him. Still more would this be so *if he decided to do all these things at all points on the coast or inland at one and the same moment, especially on a misty morning when no one was about, and the various protecting forces and services were asleep in bed.*

Nor is it necessary to assume (as some writers do) that either the whole of his surface craft or of his air transport would be propelled by internal combustion engines. Hitler might choose to cross the water in a squadron of balloons escorted and flanked by a host of fighters and bombers: he might precipitate himself in a herd of gliders; he might arrive in a parachute, or he might be catapulted at the end of a long wooden plank from the coast of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Eire or France. He might eke out his possibly dwindling petrol supplies by the use of sails and oars, employing for his purpose triremes, penteconters, catafracts, coracles, catamarans, feluccas, dhows, punts, shallops, or any other type of sea-going vessels familiar to crossword puzzle enthusiasts in the daily Press. The galley manned by tiers of rowers is not to be ruled out, since the subject nations of Europe might be pressed into their service and attired, in order to obviate suspicion, in the uniform of our own Royal Marines.

Even in the matter of swimming, Hitler might spring a surprise by wearing goloshes over his ordinary boots and holding his ammunition, automatic rifle, and iron rations in a specially prepared framework or crate affixed to the top

of his head. Springing up from underground he might be wearing the metal helmet of an ordinary fire-watcher or the robes of an ecclesiastical dignitary or a provincial Lord Mayor.

*The only safe rule in warfare is to be ready for any and every emergency and to meet it successfully by means of carefully organized preparations as soon as it occurs.*

This, we may be quite sure, will be done.

But what steps is the ordinary unarmed civilian to take if and when Hitler comes?

The reply to this query must depend on the important consideration of what he is doing at the time. Quite clearly the reader may be—

1. Sitting in his office.
2. Planting cabbages.

In the first event, it is above all things important *not to have Hitler shown in at once.* Give orders to your typist or your commissioner that he is to be asked to step into the waiting-chamber or ante-room. The interval of time thus secured will not only give you time for reflection *but will sap the confidence of your opponent*, who will find that his carefully thought out opening phrases are far less effective than he fondly supposed. When he is shown in, *continue writing or reading without appearing to notice for several moments that there is anybody in the room.* This method, which has broken the morale of countless intruders on office routine throughout the course of our rough island story, is not likely to fail, and it is more than probable that he will break down and burst into tears.

In the second event, if you have no telephone in your allotment, either—

1. Crawl rapidly between the rows of vegetables until you arrive at the nearest hedge or ditch and, still remaining on your hands and knees, *make at once for the nearest church and ring the bells.* Remember that it is neither necessary nor even possible, even if you are an expert campanologist, to ring a peal or carillon. One bell pulled rapidly and sharply with a warning note will be quite sufficient, and care should be taken (owing to the absurd way the bell has been left by the last ringer in 1939) *not to be lifted up to the belfry by the rope before you have had time to pull it.* The clapper of the bell should also be scrutinized to detect the possible presence of Fifth Columnists who may be clinging to it in order to muffle the sound.

2. If you are unwilling to adopt this course of conduct, owing to the fatigue involved, strike Hitler sharply over the head with a dibble or hoe, or

3. Offer to surrender, and invite him to your house with the promise of a cup of strong tea. In this, owing to the shortage of the sugar ration, may be placed a portion of

1. Weed killer.
2. Insecticide.

For further hints on this difficult situation *see* page 227. EVOE.

"There is no sharp dividing line between Greece and Albania. The people on each side of the frontier speak both languages. The fustanella (which is a kind of kilt) is worn on both sides of the frontier, as it is also by the Greek Royal Guard—the famous Evzones."—*The Listener*.

We only wear ours at the back of the frontier.





### THE LADY BOUNTIFUL

(In gratitude to the many private individuals and Committees in the U.S.A. who have sent gifts and help for air victims in this country.)



*"My brother says he has been evacuated to Whipsnade and is having the time of his life."*

### Little Talks

**I** MADE some fish-cakes to-day. My first.

*Fish-cakes? What with?*

Well, I found a delicious-looking packet of Browned Bread-crumbs in the cupboard; and that really gave me the idea. I put a few potatoes in the pot; and while they were boiling I borrowed a little milk from Number 11, and some flour from Number 13. When the potatoes were nice and soft—and, mind you, all this was frightfully exciting because I've never really done any cooking before—well, I strained the potatoes—

*What about the fish?*

Wait a minute. I say, I strained the potatoes carefully, put them back in the pot and added some milk. That's right, isn't it?

*What fish did you use?*

Just as the potatoes were mashed about right, I saw on the shelf a little tin marked "Mixed Herbs." "Marvellous!" I thought—

*Why? And what fish—*

Well, I've always heard that it's the little touch of *flavouring* that counts in cooking more than anything else. Anyhow, I sprinkled the mixed herbs over the mashed potatoes—

*Yes, but what fish—?*

Then I saw a bottle of—Sauce, and I said "What about a drop of that?"

*Yes, but—?*

A spot of pepper, the teeniest touch of salt: and then—

*Yes, b—?*

Then I mashed the whole thing up—

*The whole thing? But so far you're only got potato, pepper, and—*

Anyhow, I mashed it up. Meanwhile, I had the flour ready, of course.

*The flour? What for, old boy?*

I sprinkled one plate with flour, and another with the bread-crumbs, I put the Grand Mash on a large soup-plate—

*You seem to be using a great many plates.*

Well, of course. Fish-cakes *do* want a lot of plates. And, of course, on a boat one hasn't a great deal of space. However—where was I?

*Halfway between the bread-crumbs and the flour.*

Oh, yes. Well, the problem is, you see, how to make the fish-cakes hang together in the pan, and keep the bread-crumbs on—

*I didn't know fish-cakes did have bread-crumbs on.*

I wasn't sure myself, but it seems they do; and they looked fine, I can tell you. Well, you see, I'd been told that you use an *egg*. It seems that first you roll the fish-cakes in the egg, and then you put the bread-crumbs on, and they stick. Rather ingenious, don't you think? It's really extraordinary to think that all this time all these things have been going on and you don't know a thing about them until there's a war and you have to do them yourself.

*Well, go on. I'm getting interested. You've got your egg, and you've got your—*

As a matter of fact, I didn't use egg. You see, we had only one egg between us, and it seemed a pity to use a nourishing egg simply for cement-work—

*Surely it would be just as nourishing in a fish-cake as anywhere else?*

Maybe. Anyhow, what I did was this. I put the fish-cakes in the floury plate, one by one—

*Half a minute! I thought they were just a glorious mass of mashed potato still?*

What a brain! Yes, first, of course, you have to divide the mixture into the actual cakes. That, perhaps, is the most amusing part of the job, because if you're not careful—

*But what about the fi—?*

I mean, you may get them all different sizes, and, of course, on a small boat, at the principal meal of the

day, that doesn't do. Well, I took a lot of trouble over that, paring and patting away with a fork—it's rather like making mud-pies or sand castles—and when they were done I simply floured them and—

Yes, but I say, what about—?

—just dropped them on the floury plate and sprinkled more flour on their little tops. Then I moved them very carefully with a fish-slice—

A fish-slice?

Obviously. And I did the same thing with the bread-crumbs. They looked a treat. Meanwhile, of course, you've been heating the fat in the pan—we always keep a special jam-jar for fish-fat—

But—

And then, when the fat's really hot, you gently lay them to rest and watch them simmer like little Huns in—the right place. Of course, without the egg—

I don't want to interrupt again, but—

Don't then. Without the egg they're a little liable to collapse and scatter in the pan. But I tell you what, I find if you don't use too much fat they stand up better. Anyhow, collapsed or not, these were a big success. Gosh, they were good! It was a great surprise for the crew. "Boys!" I said, "Fish-cakes!" and I popped them down before them, all brown and fizzling. In five minutes they were asking for more. Not quite enough "mixed herbs," perhaps, but a dash of Sussex Sauce—

Pardon me?

Go on, old boy.

Perhaps the appropriate moment has at last arrived to put a question which has long been in my mind.

Shoot, old boy.

What particular fish did you use?

Fish? No fish. I hadn't got any fish.

Yet you told your crew—?

Dear old fellow, they hadn't the smallest suspicion. That's the wonderful thing about war-time cooking. I believe you can make the most marvellous beef-rissoles in the same way—

Without any beef?

Just a few crumbs of bacon or a bit of old ham chopped fine. You've got your spuds, you see; you've got your mixed herbs—

Well, well. One lives and learns.

This one certainly does. But, I say, what fun the women must have! The next time I hear one of them complaining about the drudgery of the kitchen I shall fry her. I think cooking's the most thrilling occupation—especially fish-cakes. By the way, talking of fish, where are all those

horrible young men who used to review books in *The Bilious Weekly* and *Any Other Nation*?

Some of them, I believe, are lecturing in America on "What We Are Fighting For." Others are lecturing in America on "My Poetry." Others are lecturing in America on "Humour," with especially kindly references to *Punch*.

You bet. They were always bursting with them. But talking of "My Poetry," where is "My Poetry" now? Where is the New and virile Mare? It doesn't seem to have a thing to say.

It never did.

Oh, yes, it did. They were always writing scathing things to *The Bilious Weekly*—

And "Any Other Nation."

Sorry. Because poor old Chamberlain wouldn't Stand Up to the Aggressor. And they used to rush off to Spain and China to see the wars there.

Now they've gone to the United States to see the war from there.

Not all of them. Be fair. But far too many. By the way, is Bunny Austin back?

Don't think so. Did Bunny Austin write for *The Bilious Weekly*?

No. But he will. After the war Buchman and Bunny will come over here and tell us how to run the Peace.

Oh, will they? Well, I shall meet them at Southampton.

Right. I'll be there! A. P. H.

## At "The Mulberry Tree"

"BEFORE this war," sez Sam to me, As we takes our ale at "The Mulberry Tree,"

"It's like as not you've heard me say 'Boys aren't what they was in my young day.'"

I said a lot of things beside; I said they was 'soft' and 'sissified'; I said there wasn't scarce a lad With guts the same as what we had."

Sam didn't speak again until We parted down by Purton Mill, And then, sez he, "Taint often that I'm caught a-talkin' through me hat." A. W. B.





## At the Pictures

### THE APPEAL TO THE EYE

SEEING a film that is outstandingly good visually makes one realize how comparatively seldom such films turn up. That a film outstandingly good visually should be outstandingly good also in several other departments seems too much to hope for; but I will go so far as to praise *The Long Voyage Home* (Director: JOHN FORD) in these terms. The weakest point here is perhaps the story, which was put together from four one-act plays by EUGENE O'NEILL; but the mere narrative, considered independently, is of minor importance. This is an account of the voyage across the Atlantic in wartime of a tramp steamer with a cargo of high-explosive; and its excellence lies in the characterization and the photography. I could happily see it again just for the pleasure of looking at some of the admirably - composed pictures. Mysteriously beautiful things can be done with shafts of light, velvet-black shadows, and the gleam on a wet surface.

I don't want to give the impression that the appeal of *The Long Voyage Home* is solely to the eye. There is excellent playing; and the picture is also "about something" in the sense that it is a study of the reasons why seamen stick to the sea. It is only through the combined efforts of nearly all the others that one of the members of this crew succeeds in his long-held ambition to leave it. This fortunate man, a Swede, is played with simple good-nature by JOHN WAYNE; he and the leader of the crew, a violent but kindly Irishman (THOMAS MITCHELL), are possibly the most prominent characters, but memorable portraits are given also by IAN HUNTER, BARRY FITZGERALD, JOHN QUALEN and WARD BOND. The film is very well worth seeing.

Even while enjoying *Arise, My Love* (Director: MITCHELL LEISEN), I recognized it as hokum—though of the very highest class. Here, as in *Only Angels Have Wings* and similar exceedingly efficient entertainment, we have

Hemingway characters and situations without the undertones, the depth which Mr. HEMINGWAY (at his best) provides. The outlines of this piece are conditioned by facts: it begins shortly before the invasion of Poland and ends with the fall of France; but the basis of the narrative is the old wisecracking tough-and-tender love affair. CLAUDETTE COLBERT and RAY MILLAND go through their paces very agreeably. She is a war correspondent, "Gusto" Nash, he an airman, Tom Martin, who fought for Republican Spain and at the end of the film is about to join the R.A.F. There are

ance in *The Light That Failed*, to be responsible for IDA LUPINO's having been given the part of Mrs. Carlsen in *The Road to Frisco* (Director: RAOUL WALSH). This is a sound melodrama containing in essence two stories: first an account of the rise of a lorry-driver, second a jealousy-and-murder triangle drama. Miss LUPINO's great moment of course comes in the second half.

The lorry-driver is Joe Fabrini (GEORGE RAFT), who works with his brother Paul (HUMPHREY BOGART) at first for another man—with whom they, to put it mildly, break—then independently with a single lorry, and finally in a big trucking business of their own. The troubles of a driver's life are skilfully and interestingly stated. Joe, as befits the hero, has both more troublesome troubles (exemplified by Mrs. Carlsen) and more compensatory compensations (exemplified by ANN SHERIDAN as Cassie, a café waitress) than his colleagues. The many competent small-part players include ALAN HALE and ROSCOE KARNS, and there is a great deal of good, earthy, amusing dialogue.

State by State, the U.S. is being opened up for us. The latest is *Arizona* (Director: WESLEY RUGGLES), which seems to have owed a good deal, in the eighties, to the toughness, determination and business ability of Phoebe Titus, whom an awed citizen of Tucson describes as "nothin'

but iron from top-knot to gizzard." Well, there is something else besides iron really—the part is played by JEAN ARTHUR; but certainly she does swagger about most of the time in breeches, threatening to shoot bad men and running her fleet of freight wagons in the teeth of their unprincipled opposition. For the sake of *Peter Muncie* (WILLIAM HOLDEN), whom she marries in the end, she puts on a dress from time to time; but all the real work of keeping the pioneers in Arizona and discomfiting the suave and black-hearted villain (WARREN WILLIAM in a fancy waistcoat) she does in man's attire. There is plenty of fine scenery in this rousing Western, and the cameramen do their best, by the use of tinted film, to help you distinguish between day and night. R. M.



J. H. BOND

[Arizona

### GLAMOUR AND H.P.

Phoebe Titus . . . . . JEAN ARTHUR

crazy moments (she has all her shoes locked in the hotel safe so as not to be able to go out to see him), spectacular moments (the sinking of the *Athenia*), and moments of highly imaginative direction (the room in Paris as the Germans march in). WALTER ABEL deals very well with the first near-comic part I have ever seen him in: the harassed editor, a very old film butt, becomes in Mr. ABEL's hands as good and as funny as new.

It's an old and pernicious rule that a player who, for any reason, has once been called a *fine actor*, is in great danger ever afterwards of being given only parts in which he is called upon to go mad, or have spectacular hysterics, or miscellaneous gibber. I judge this rule, and her good perform-

## Reception Committee

UNDER the heading, on the Agenda, of "Any Other Business," Mrs. Battlegate raised the question of this invasion, as she rather coldly described it.

"Have you ever thought out your line of conduct?" she asked—and it was probably pure chance that her eye seemed to be directed straight upon Aunt Emma as she spoke. But it was an unfortunate chance, for Aunt Emma is inclined to be nervous anyway—and far more nervous of Mrs. Battlegate than of the invasion, which one can understand.

"My husband will probably take the initiative," said Aunt Emma; and several of us told one another afterwards that if he did it would be the first time in thirty-odd years of married life.

"My husband," said Mrs. Pledge in a quite indescribable tone—it seemed to be a mixture of pride, apprehension and slight indignation—"my husband has already made up his mind. If the invasion overruns Little Fiddle-on-the-Green, and consequently The Cottage as well, he tells me that he has quite decided to shoot me. And himself afterwards, of course."

One distinctly heard Laura say that she didn't think Mrs. Pledge ought to trust to the last part of the scheme, but the sound of her words was fortunately drowned by Mrs. Battlegate's voice from the Chair, evidently disapproving in a tempered way of the rather defeatist attitude of the Pledge ménage, but admitting, with the impartiality of the Chair, that Mr. Pledge was no doubt the best judge of his own interests.

Miss Littlemug, having no husband to shoot her (some of us feel that if she had the deed might already have been done years ago), had evolved a technique of her own, dealing in a spirited way with the routing of the invasion rather than with her own safety. It took her quite a long time to explain it all, and the hand of Mrs. Battlegate kept moving threateningly towards the bell, till arrested midway by a new issue raised by Miss Littlemug.

"There is one thing, and one only, that perplexes me about the invasion," she began.

"The date?" said Laura.

"The place?" suggested Miss Plum.

Miss Dodge said in businesslike phraseology that in her opinion both these slightly moot points might be listed under one heading.

They were, however, evidently not particularly moot to Miss Littlemug, because she ignored them completely and explained that what worried her was this modern practice of suddenly putting on the uniform of the *other* country and then invading it.

Even Mrs. Battlegate seemed slightly stunned, and there was a quite noticeable silence—utterly unusual at any Committee Meeting—before Uncle Egbert spoke.

"Do you mean that these invaders—these reptiles—might descend upon us in the BRITISH UNIFORM?"

Miss Littlemug replied Yes, that *was* what she meant. A friend of a friend of a cousin of hers had seen them come down in Holland, and they were all wearing Dutch uniforms.

"How did he—or she—know that they weren't really Dutch?" asked Mr. Pancatto, with the scepticism of the literary mind.

"He," was Miss Littlemug's only answer—and it sounded more relevant than, as one now sees, it looks on paper.

"In the event of anybody, in uniform of any kind, asking—let us say—the way to the nearest arsenal, one should demand proof of identity before supplying the information," said General Battlegate strongly.

So far as the nearest arsenal goes—and the operative word in the sentence is *far*—one might feel fairly sure of not supplying any information at all. But, as Miss Dodge pointed out, arsenals weren't everything. There was the very important point of supplies: we all, she thought, would remember what Napoleon had once said about them, though in the phraseology of an undeniably coarse period. And it was only too likely that the uniformed reptiles, as they had been so accurately described, might want to find out the way to the nearest food depot.

Under this military phraseology one recognized "Ye Olde Plum Bunne," lately renamed "The Tudor Spitfire Café," and could understand the natural anxiety of Miss Dodge, and of course, Miss Plum as well.

"It should be simple," said the General—"ask the fellow to produce his identity card and while he's looking for it, shoot him."

"And it'll turn out to be General Wavell in a false nose, making a secret reconnaissance or something," cried Laura gaily.

Mrs. Battlegate hit the bell sharply and had hit it at least five more times, even more sharply, before the General

stopped telling Laura how utterly she had misunderstood the functions of a highly distinguished officer.

Miss Plum then suggested that one would surely be put upon one's guard if addressed in a strong German accent, and everyone in the room, practically, replied at once that they *had* no accent. It was part of their training.

"In that case, why not put a test question? How to spell a word, for instance. Like the B.B.C. spelling-bees," said Aunt Emma.

But it appeared, from the testimony of several committee members, that faultless English orthography was also part of their training. Poor Miss Flagg added, in a voice even lower than usual, that one would first have to be perfectly certain of knowing how the word was spelt oneself.

"And the same with quotations, or general knowledge," agreed Aunt Emma hopelessly—and one knew only too well what she meant.

Mrs. Battlegate, from the Chair, uttered decisively:

"The simplest methods are invariably the best. There are many reasons why it might not be entirely successful to produce a series of elaborate test questions. *They will be prepared for those.* But they will have overlooked the most obvious things. Personally, if in any doubt, I shall simply look at them, uniform or no uniform, and ask them quite quietly: '*Who went up the hill?*' Mark me, an invader will almost certainly be unable to reply."

Most of us were in the same boat as the invader—fortunately quite metaphorically speaking.

Then Miss Littlemug said:

"You mean the King of France?"

"Or wasn't it the Duke of York?" Laura asked.

"Sisyphus, with the stone," said Mr. Pancatto—simply being classical and nothing else, because he must have known quite as well as everybody else that Mrs. Battlegate's mentality was not of that kind at all.

However, the bell—no less than her own definitely strong personality—gave Mrs. Battlegate the advantage.

She struck the bell powerfully and said that the business of the meeting was now concluded, and that she had naturally had in mind two typically British characters known to us all.

One's own feeling, after knowing Mrs. Battlegate all these years, is that she will be a match for the invaders even if they *have* heard about Jack and Jill.

E. M. D.



"We like the invention, Mr. Crackers, but where is it?"

## Pipes

### A Vision

**I** HAD a vision of the day of Peace.  
The street was bright with colour, and the sun  
Showered splendour on the cloudy pessimist.  
The town had all turned out, and down the road  
A long procession, drawn from who knows where,  
Moved on to celebrate the Piping Time.

### THE PROCESSION

#### 1

First, as is no doubt befitting,  
Clad in their accustomed stripes,  
March the Northern men emitting  
Music from their native pipes.  
Hillmen for these wilding strains  
Ever show an occult liking  
Which to dwellers in the plains  
Is considered rather striking.  
But to-day these noble fellows  
Squeal abroad a nation's joys:  
Purse your lips and fill your bellows!  
Boys! What a noise!

#### 2

Next, the rising generation, eight to ten or thereabout,  
Muddle on in happy dozens, chattering like jays,  
Free from their scholastic trammels, watch them as they  
tear about  
Blowing airy bubbles out of long white clays.  
Not a bomber drones above; silent are the fighters;  
Bring along your hoarded soap, let the bubbles rise;  
Give them each a Pipe to blow, the happy little blighters,  
Iridescent bubbles to the clear blue skies.

#### 3

Not with the children's lightsome feet,  
Heavily shod the next lot come  
Plodding, plodding along the street;  
These are the men who plumb.

Pipes they bear for gas and drain-pipes,  
Insulating pipes and rain-pipes,  
Pipes of iron, lead, and not a  
Few composed of terra-cotta.  
Some are whistling, most are mum;  
Stolid are the men who plumb.

#### 4

But nimble, trim and supple  
Comes many a dancing couple,  
The flower of our local maidenhood, and each with her  
smart young man;  
The skirts are swinging lightly,  
The young men playing brightly  
Some kind of a jazz arrangement for their modernized Pipes  
of Pan.  
Regard their natural graces,  
Observe their pleasing faces,  
The girls with a touch of make-up and the natural  
manly tan:  
You'll see in half a minute  
Arcadia's nowhere in it  
With jazz on a twopenny whistle for the classical Pipes  
of Pan.

#### 5

And last of all the sunlit throng  
In woollen hose and roomy bags  
The veteran smokers pass along  
But not with gaspers, not with fags.  
In well-drilled order, toe to heel  
They take the rear, a gallant band,  
Puffing with patriotic zeal  
Their Pipefuls of an Empire Brand.

So they went by. But, ere the Vision closed,  
Borne on the air I saw, or seemed to see,  
A wondrous Pipe, a hookah, on a cloud,  
One that a dozen souls could smoke at once,  
But such a Pipe as never man had made.  
And then I knew it was the Pipe of Peace,  
And it moved on, and left me wondering  
When our good stars will bring it down to earth.

DUM-DUM.

## Houses

**W**AR or no war, there have been houses for a long time and there are going to go on being houses, so I think I shall say a few things about them. First, who invented houses and why do we live in them? Well, no one knows if anyone knows who first invented houses, and it would make almost no difference if anyone did, because it is fairly certain that the houses we live in to-day are not the houses which were first invented, though sometimes some of them *seem* to be. As for why we live in houses, the answer is obvious; we live in houses because we have to live *somewhere*, and living somewhere means living in a house. (Or of course in a flat, but a flat is a house from the outside, and very nearly from the inside too.)

I should think all my readers must know the main rules of a house, which are that it has walls, a roof, a door at the front and another at the back, windows dotted all over and a pipe leading down to a water-butt which no one has ever seen the bottom of. Inside, a house is divided into as many rooms as the builder thought it ought to have, or one less than the people living in the house think.



The door in the front of a house has a slit in the middle with a brass or chromium flap. The slit is for the postman to put the letters through, and inside the door you will find a little wire-meshed box with a gap at the bottom for the letters to fall through on to a mat made of bristles; and the flap is for people who are tired of ringing the bell to look through to see if there is any sign of life. There is also a knocker, which may be a bust of Dr. Johnson, an antelope's head or almost anything. The back door is just plain door.

The main point about the windows of a house is that the people *inside* the house want to see *out* and the people *outside* want to see *in*, especially at meal-times, because there is something very extraordinary about other people having the sort of meal you have yourself. The people in the house try to get over this by hanging up long net curtains that you can see out of but not into; and it is one of the queerest manifestations of human nature to see people at Sunday lunch looking out at the passers-by, who, they think, can therefore see *them*; while the passers-by can't see the people having lunch and think the people having lunch therefore can't see the passers-by.

Besides these long net curtains, a dining-room has a dining-room table with an extra piece in the middle which was put in once when a lot of people stayed for Christmas and will be taken out when someone can get the little brass handles which keep it there unstuck. People are always very keen to use this table for table-tennis, until they get a table-tennis set, when they drop the idea.

The drawing-room, or sitting-room, is sometimes on the other side of the hall and sometimes upstairs, but the kitchen is always at the back of the house, except now and then in Chelsea. The kitchen, by the way, can be almost any size—that is, either too big or too small, and whichever size it is there is a rule that any visitor seeing it for the first time must say either what a nice big kitchen it is or what a nice little kitchen. A kitchen always has in it an hour-glass egg-timer which no one trusts, and a mirror with a little shelf joined on to the lower rim, and a very small wet mop balanced across an empty glass jar labelled "Damson, August, 1938." (There is a much bigger empty glass jar on the bathroom window-sill, but this is labelled "Toujours l'Amour.") To go back to the drawing-room, the point about a drawing-room is that almost everything in the house is in it, if you know which drawer to look in; and the point about the bedrooms is that they are very, very cold, and the people who worry most about the pattern on wallpaper always seem to get landed with patterned wallpaper to worry about.

There is, in fact, little relation between what people want in a house and what they get; even if they as good as built the house themselves, which does sometimes happen. No one knows exactly why there is this discrepancy. Scientists of course blame it on human nature, but human nature blames it on the house. As an example, no one wants a glass shelf placed over a bathroom basin so that when you bring your neck up from washing it you bang your head and bring down a tooth-mug; but everyone has just such a shelf. Again, no one *wants* a step up, or down, in the middle of a dark passage, but everyone gets it.

Now something more about furniture. I think it is fairly safe to say that every house has, besides two arm-chairs and a sofa, a little rocking-chair which is brought into the drawing-room when there are too many people for the ordinary chairs. No one can be sure how these little rocking-chairs begin, and no one minds much; and no one likes rocking in them, because it makes you feel sick. There is also a kitchen chair, painted white, in the bathroom and a dining-room chair, with the seat re-covered in blue

cotton, in the kitchen. A wardrobe, to be a proper wardrobe, must have a door stiff enough to take a jerk that will nearly tip the wardrobe over on the person trying to open it, and a raised bit round the top which will hide anything thrown up there; a mirror on a wardrobe or by itself on a wall must make people look either wider or narrower than they are, and it is up to them to find out which. There is a rule that the drawer in a kitchen table has no handle but is opened by pulling it underneath from the back. A sideboard is not a real sideboard unless it has a papier mâché bowl holding a used torch-battery and a pencil-sharpener, and one drawer full of old photographs. If an armchair-cover has a lupin pattern then the curtains must have a hollyhock pattern, and the other way round. Every drawing-room has a very old black-covered cushion which everyone hates but no one does anything about, and wallpaper with humming-birds on it is bedroom wallpaper, but wallpaper with any animal on it is nursery wallpaper.

As for the fittings, or whatever you call them, in a house, the most noticeable are those little strips of china or brass nailed above door-handles. Everyone knows that they are meant, by some intangible association of ideas, to keep finger-prints off the paint, but no one has figured out exactly how. The next most noticeable fitting is an inexplicable piece of flex running in at a door, all round a picture-rail and out at the door again. No one has ever tried to trace such a flex to its source. Even more inexplicable are the bell-pushes you sometimes find by bedroom fireplaces; because no one has ever dared to ring a bell in a bedroom, in case it works.

## To Peter

FOR twenty years you lived and laughed and played  
Your glowing youth, and all who knew you laid  
Returning tribute at your winged feet  
That danced so blithely down the golden street  
Where all are good companions; in the sun  
You lived and laughed and played, and found it fun.

I was not with you on your last long flight  
Through what tempestuous skies, through what black night.  
But I would wager all that you were gay  
And smiling as they pulled the chocks away—  
You made your life a party to the end  
And even Death must call you now his friend.



"England expects . . ."



"It's no use COMING, I tell you—we can't GET any!"

### Réveil d' Olivant

**T**RAVELLER, traveller, spurring through the valley,  
What quest brings you, garbed in martial guise,  
Dark-browed, hard-lipped, thinking scorn to dally,  
Full caparison of war, a sword-glint in your eyes?

Rider of the stormy glance,  
Know that there is peace in France. . . .

Traveller, traveller, what way do you follow?  
Where find welcome? This is barren earth,  
Grey, stark, voiceless—hoof-beats ringing hollow.  
Turn your charger's head, good Sir, for here is nothing  
worth . . .

Neither hope nor sovereign power  
Now, in Ganelon's cold hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frenchmen! Frenchmen! Where, then, are my brothers?  
Seek, stir, shame them! Yonder I was born.

Hence came heroes. See! I look for others!  
Here I smote the infidel, and here I sound my horn . . . !

Ringin', till the mountains quake . . .  
Heart of Christendom—awake!

Still, cold, silent. Death is in the valley.  
Faith turned paynim, bent beneath the chain . . .  
No live spirit echoing the rally?  
Answer, if you hear me! Lo, I sound the call again!

Through the sleeping soul it rings,  
Music of eternal things.

Hark! Who answers? Hope without the prison?  
Comrades! Kinsmen! Say, are any free?  
Praise God, Frenchmen! Here are hearts new-risen!  
France is in the saddle, though she rides beyond the sea . . .

Stricken, scattered, yet reborn,  
Armed—and hearkening to the horn!



ACCIDENT TO THE AXIS

"United we stood."





## Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

**T**HIS Fund, which was originally started in order to purchase supplies of raw material and distribute them to Voluntary Working Parties for the Hospitals, has already sent out a very large quantity of Knitting Wool, Unbleached Calico and Veltex, as well as many other materials of all varieties, to be made up into comforts for the wounded.

The number of casualties now caused by the indiscriminate bombing of London and our other great cities has made it necessary to extend the operation of our Fund to the provision of medical and surgical supplies for civilian hospitals.

At the same time there remains a constant demand on behalf of all the Services—especially amongst the men whose duty lies in exposed situations—for Balaclava helmets, gloves, mittens, woollen waistcoats, and the like.

Mr. Punch, in expressing his very sincere gratitude for the generous help already given by subscribers, renews therefore his appeal both for the sake of the Fighting Services and of civilians who have suffered from the ruthless barbarity of the enemy, in the hope that plenty of supplies may be available for all.

Though we know well that these are days of great financial difficulty, we yet ask you, those who can, to send some donation, large or small, according to your means, to PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, February 25th.**—House of Lords: A discussion on the toll of the roads.

House of Commons: Food and Insurance are discussed.

**Wednesday, February 26th.**—House of Lords: Motion on Lord Strabolgi.

House of Commons: Some more of the War Damage Bill.

**Thursday, February 27th.**—House of Commons: House of Commons (Disqualification) Bill, Second Reading.

**Tuesday, February 25th.**—Mr. SPEAKER announced the sudden death of Sir ARTHUR HARBORD, Member for Great Yarmouth, one of those quiet unostentatious men who help to make the Commons of Britain what they are.

Major "TOMMY" DUGDALE, fresh home from the Pyramids and neighbourhood, was warmly welcomed back and into his new office of Deputy-Chief Government Whip. The Major is a man's man with a "way wid him," and the Army's loss (he has been invalidated out) is the Government's gain.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

"I seldom leave my house without anticipating gloomily that the fifth and fatal accident may take place."—LORD NEWTON.

Proprietor of one of the most infectious smiles at Westminster, Major DUGDALE arrived in the House in time to laugh at a revolutionary suggestion from Mr. SEYMOUR COCKS.

This gentleman thought that, unlike the rose, another name for "communal feeding centres" would make them smell—or at any rate sound—sweeter.

Looking straight at Major GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, of the Ministry of Food, Mr. COCKS suggested: "The Gwilym Arms" or "The Woolton Head." Such names, the author urged, would make them much more popular, because no one could see any romance or poetry in arranging a rendezvous at so prosaic a place as "The Communal Feeding Centre." It simply was not done.

But no decision was reached. Your scribe records the matter so that antiquarians of the future, turning up the files of *Punch*, may get the true explanation of what may otherwise be puzzling inn-signs.

Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHEY generated considerable internal (and apparently spontaneous) combustion on the subject of the shortage of coal, which, said he, was pretty acute—or words to that effect. What was more, said Sir ARCHIBALD crisply, the Government seemed to be doing nothing about it; if not, why not, and so on. Mr. ATTLEE (who usually seems to get sticky questions to handle for the PRIME MINISTER) tried a soft answer, but it did not seem to turn away any appreciable portion of his catechiser's wrath.

Judging by the cheers he got, the Honourable Baronet was not the only one with an empty cellar. There was "widespread exasperation" in the country about the shortage, said Sir ARCHIBALD, who, as an old sailor, seemed to be experiencing some difficulty in restraining himself from referring to a coal-shovel as—whatever it is old sailors call it.

Then the Attorney-General, Sir DONALD SOMERVELL, went into secret session. He stood up for some time, and his lips were seen to move, but no sound was heard. Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, Secretary for Scotland, entered the silence competition and beat even Mr. Attorney, because it was not possible to see his lips move. His head was buried in his papers, and he addressed the cold unresponsive table after the manner of the Latin Primer of bygone days.

How does one buy three-fifths of a pennyworth of meat? Apparently it can be done, for Mr. DAVID ADAMS put a poser for Major LLOYD GEORGE, alleging that Durham carnivores had had to put up with 6½d. worth of meat, "when the ration was subsequently raised to 1s. 0¾d., including bone and offal."

The Minister did not solve the

mystery. In fact his answer did not seem to satisfy Mr. ADAMS in the least. That Hon. Member rose and began: "All I can say on the subject is—"

But Back-Benchers are not permitted to "say" at Question-time—



BACK TO '95?

LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD would possibly like to restrict the motor-car to walking pace.

only to "ask," and Mr. SPEAKER intervening, posterity will never know what it was that Mr. ADAMS *could* have said.

The Home Guard got a little mention. Captain MARGESSON, War Minister, announced that H.G.s who also did civilian fire-watching duties would, if injured while so engaged, get a civilian's compensation; if they received the same injuries while under orders as Home Guards they would get military compensation.

Major LLOYD GEORGE promised "nutritious snacks" for air-raid shelterers. He did not actually mention that they would contain carrots—but perhaps he thought it tautologous; all food these days includes carrots, it would seem.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, Foreign Under-Secretary, said that Japan had been informed that offers of mediation in the war could not succeed, because in the war against Nazism, and for the very future of mankind, there could be no question of compromise or parley. The sincerity of the ringing cheer that greeted this statement must have upset the ordered and orderly "Heils" of Berchtesgaden.



*"Another plate of soup, Corporal. It must be share-and-share-alike in the glorious army of Louis le Grand."*

Then, of course, back to the War Damage Bill, which was amended a lot more. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had 150 amendments of his own, some of which made big changes in the Bill. Everybody is to be insured free for £200 worth of chattels. Married men will be able to add another £100 worth, and £25 for each child under 16. Above that sum, and up to £10,000—the maximum—there will be a graduated scale of premiums: 1, 1½, or 2 per cent.

Over in the Lords the Bishop of WINCHESTER was urging new steps to reduce the accidental toll of the roads, which was almost as great as the results of the murder-planes that came deliberately to destroy us.

Lord NEWTON, speaking with all the authority of one who has four times been knocked down by motor-cars, also urged some Government action to make the streets safer.

Lord TEVIOT expressed the opinion that the only way to stop dangerous driving and save pedestrians was to put the fear of death into the motorists.

This reversal of the usual order of things seemed to appeal to their Lordships. By "death," apparently, was meant imprisonment.

Lord CLANWILLIAM suggested to Lord CROFT, Under-Secretary for War, that he should "address some remarks" to too-speedy troops. Lord CROFT seemed amused at this way of putting it. Doubtless he will leave it to those professional remark-addressers, the R.S.Ms.

Lord CLANWILLIAM also wanted to know why pedestrians should be expected to get out of the way of cars, instead of cars getting out of the way of pedestrians. Lord NEWTON (who, as a connoisseur, might have told him) said nothing. So that nice problem also was left unsolved.

Lord SNELL, for the Government, agreed that the position was grim, and promised that all possible would be done to reduce the deaths and injuries on the roads. The black-out was responsible for much of the trouble, and he proposed a sort of unofficial curfew, under which those who did not need to go out after dark should

make it a public duty to keep to their hearths.

"Oh, it's nice to go out in the evening—  
But it's nicer to stay indoors!"

as the old song might have had it, had it been a new song.

Wednesday, February 26th.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON seemed to have forgotten that other old song—the one which says: "When it's night-time in Italy, it's Wednesday over here." He asked that the Government should encourage British subjects in all parts of the world to concentrate their thoughts at nine o'clock each night on the greatness of Britain and her invincibility.

Mr. ATTLEE read an answer that seemed to have more than a trace of Churchillian wit in it. It pointed out, so very gently, that nine p.m. here was six a.m. in Australia, and other equally inconvenient times in other parts of this Great Empire on Which the Sun Never Sets. Good idea, of course, but . . .

Mr. BUTLER gave details of a settlement of our dispute with Spain over



the British zone in Tangier. Mr. G. H. HALL, Colonial Under-Secretary, asked about "the banana situation in West Indies," made the collective mouth of the House water by saying that bananas, unsaleable because of restricted markets, were being given away there. None was being wasted.

Sir THOMAS MOORE was perturbed because, he said, "Help-Your-Neighbour" petrol was being used by kerb-crawlers for a "particularly selective form of hospitality." Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, the Petroleum Secretary, shook his head in pious deprecation of such a suggestion.

Sir PERCY HURD having mentioned military camps in which cheese was thrown away every day, and the House having clicked its tongue in shocked surprise, General Sir GEORGE DARELL JEFFREYS was introduced as the new M.P. for Petersfield, in place of Sir REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH, now Governor of Burma.

And so, for the very last time, to the War Damage Bill. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD was so pleased at the prospect of losing his child that he distributed bouquets and posies broadcast. Then the Bill got its Third Reading, and went to the Lords to be polished up.

Their Lordships passed a resolution regretting that Lord STRABOLGI, the Labour Chief Whip, had "failed to observe that standard of conduct . . . which this House expects of its Members." It was another echo of the Czech assets business.

Thursday, February 27th. — Mr. CHURCHILL was taking no risks in the fight for the Bill to allow M.P.s to take Government jobs without losing their seats. He brought his siege guns into action right away by announcing before the debate opened that the division on it would be made a matter of confidence in the Government.

There were resentful murmurs and some loud protests, but the PRIME MINISTER stuck to his guns.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made it plain that even if QUEEN ANNE is dead she still exercises strong control over the doings of Parliament. One of her Acts made it impossible for holders of offices of profit under the Crown to sit in Parliament unless the job was 236 years old.

Mr. ATTORNEY discussed such fascinating problems as these: Is an office the same as a place? (It has never been decided.) Does an "office of profit" necessarily show a profit? (The answer is certainly No.) An officer in an old regiment is allowed to be an M.P., but is a member of that new body the Tank Corps or presumably the R.A.F.? (The answer is

apparently not, although service in the Armed Forces has come to be regarded as exempt from disqualification.)

There followed a hard-hitting, sarcastic and occasionally angry debate, which brought back rather wistful memories of the days when political warfare was our only pre-occupation.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself wound up the debate—obviously relishing the

fray—and the Bill got its Second Reading from a somewhat angry House with the understanding that a Select Committee will look into the whole subject as soon as possible.

### Red Letter Day

"Finally, we must say thank you to Mr. Pickles for two books we did not already possess."—School magazine.



"Come and lunch with me, old chap, and see that I don't break any food laws—I'm certain to try."



*"Right you are, then—if I lose, you get my boldings in Mammoth Stores Deferred, and if I win, your fire-watcher reports at my office to-morrow morning."*

### Control

**I** NEVER expected it to ring so soon," said Mrs. Gentry.

"I think I shall go off duty now, if you have quite got the hang of it," said the Vicar.

"Or so loud," added Mrs. Gentry. "I wish it didn't make me jump so. Perhaps as you haven't gone yet . . . ?"

"When I am on duty I am ashamed to say I do most of the controlling and

the Controller answers the telephone," put in Miss Goodbody.

"It is only Colonel Gentry ringing up to say the greengrocer only had grapefruit and monkey nuts," said the Vicar.

"Then there should be a law to make him take the bunch of cardboard bananas out of his window," said Mrs. Gentry.

"I just looked in to see if I could be a help," explained Miss Goodbody. "There was a warning here right at the beginning of the war, I remember. Long before there were any air-raids of course."

"I fear that must have been the time the siren box was left open and the charwoman leaned her bicycle against it," said the Vicar. "Now if you really think you can manage . . ."

"Does it ring often?" asked Mrs. Gentry.

"A special message of thanks from His Majesty for the women volunteers came through only last week," said the Vicar. "An Admiral's wife from Soddan Bunbury took it."

"Now that so many of the men have been called up it is a comfort to think there is something we women can take over," said Miss Goodbody. "It doesn't seem possible, does it, that there are women in this country actually waiting to be conscripted?"

"I will say good-bye now, if you will allow me," said the Vicar.

"Let me see, if there is a Red warning a Boy Scout rushes into the next room ringing a handbell," said Mrs. Gentry.

"To wake up the Controller," said Miss Goodbody.

"As a matter of fact the Scouts don't come any more," said the Vicar. "There didn't seem any point, as we have so few warnings. And the Fire-watchers' Committee have borrowed the bell. But the Controller is only in the next room, so he will hear all right if you just raise your voice a little."

"Except when it's Colonel Gentry," whispered Miss Goodbody. "Him you just have to shake."

"There it goes again," sighed Mrs. Gentry.

"This time it is Lord Bunbury's groom to ask if there is any message about the horses," said the Vicar.

"Now I did see something about that written down," said Mrs. Gentry. "What does that piece of paper with a smudge on it say?"

"It says 'STAY WHERE YOU ARE. If this island is invaded . . .'" said Miss Goodbody.

"No, the other side," said Mrs. Gentry.

"Oranges, onions, tomatoes, chocolate, eggs, lemons . . ." read Miss Goodbody.

"It must have dropped out of my bag," said Mrs. Gentry. "It sounds like a very old list."

"Perhaps we can let you know later," said the Vicar.

"Those boots in the corner belong

to the Decontamination Squad, I suppose," said Mrs. Gentry. "I'd better know who they are, just in case I have to call on them."

"You've only got to look at the register," pointed out Miss Goodbody. "It couldn't be clearer. Just the ones with the red rings round them. I typed it out myself and stuck it on to a piece of cardboard," added Miss Goodbody. "As an unmarried woman I rather pride myself on my efficiency."

"I dare say it is a form of sublimation really," said Mrs. Gentry.

"Anyway, they all resigned to join the Home Guard long ago," said the Vicar. "We did wonder if we ought to send the boots to the Naval Comforts, but we find them quite invaluable now it is so often snowy."

"It was stupid not to bring my glasses," said Mrs. Gentry. "I keep imagining I can see six or seven policemen in the other corner."

"They are supposed to hold their meeting upstairs," said the Vicar. "But they haven't got a fire there, and we haven't the heart to turn them out in this weather."

"Then the two men with all those blankets must be looters they have brought with them," said Mrs. Gentry.

"No; Lord Bunbury's menservants come to make his bed," said the Vicar. "He is doing the night-shift."

"Even the basket of pigeons wrapped in the Union Jack fits in when you remember there is a conjurer on duty in the Control Room," said Miss Goodbody.

"It never seems to stop ringing, does it?" sighed Mrs. Gentry.

"It is that Corporal from the camp to ask if we know of anyone who could play the oboe at their concert," said the Vicar.

"That reminds me, I very nearly forgot to ask where the key of the siren box is kept," said Mrs. Gentry.

"He says he has composed a 'Trio, after Scriabine, for Lewis Gun and Oboes,'" said the Vicar.

"There are two or three places, but it doesn't seem to be in any of them," said Miss Goodbody.

"But he says we will hardly believe he is the only man in his company who can play the oboe," said the Vicar.

"I couldn't possibly have taken it home in my pocket yesterday, could I?" said Miss Goodbody.

"I should think very probably," said Mrs. Gentry. "I mean one might very easily."

"He supposes it will have to be 'For Oboe and Lewis Guns,'" finished the Vicar. "Though it does seem a pity."

"Because if so I have posted it off to my sister in Westmorland thinking it was the key of her garage," said Miss Goodbody. "I thought I'd better send it at once, in case she couldn't get her car out."

"Perhaps as it is so late I could wait and drive you both home?" offered the Vicar.

"I have brought you in the key of the siren box because a Yellow warning has just come through on my line," said the Controller.

## Cause and Effect

HERE lies a pacifist of unsteady wit; Whenever we had war, he had a fit. Hitler was quite a different type of bore; Whenever he had fits, we had a war.

## Second Thoughts

"Wet cleaner reqd. for Dry Cleaners; good wages to suitable man or woman."

Advt. in Local Paper.



NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

"But I didn't think you meant it literally, George."





"All we had to eat was live cartridges."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### What Comes After?

IN *Faith for Living* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 7/6) Mr. LEWIS MUMFORD offers with entertaining vivacity of expression an answer to the question what is to be done after the war to provide the basis of a society which will be proof against the influences that have brought about recent and present happenings. His answer demands a complete change of attitude towards many of those affairs of life which we have come to regard as ordinary, and though he believes that this is not outside the bounds of probability he is not so sanguine as to believe that it can be quickly or easily achieved. He advocates some of the ideals which have become obscured under the catch-phrase "Back to the Land." He is an individualist—not an anti-capitalist—and a firm believer in the virtue of labour with the hands. As a first step towards restoration of national morale there must be some common agreement as to what is worth living for and worth dying for. All this may lead to international rivalries as of old, and to counter them there must be something very like an international state which will legislate equally for all countries. And at the back of everything there must be "a transfer of loyalty from an economics of comfort to an economics of sacrifice." There are, we know, many who are very justly impatient of any intellectual effort which is not aimed directly at winning the war. The book may be recommended to them as a form of serious relaxation.

#### Life Comes to the Archbishop.

When that distinguished convert Mother AUGUSTA DRANE (known to the ribald as *cloaca maxima*) bowdlerized the memoirs of Archbishop ULLATHORNE in 1891 she can

hardly have foreseen that the unvarnished narrative would cease to be a discreet Catholic preserve and assume the proportions of a national and imperial heritage. Yet as "First Chaplain to Botany Bay," unwearied champion of unfortunates of every creed, the robust, large-hearted Yorkshireman looks likely to find a greater place in history than the niche he secured as supporter of the Catholic renaissance in England. This place, indeed, he earned by an even more costly chivalry than that with which he shielded NEWMAN from MANNING, by an even keener appreciation of human and divine needs than he exerted in branding the costliest venture of a brother Bishop as "a bottomless pit for funds." With the graphic vigour of *Robinson Crusoe* (whose perusal urged him to sea at thirteen), ULLATHORNE, at sixty, wrote—not for publication—the story Mr. SHANE LESLIE so sympathetically reproduces to-day. *From Cabin-Boy to Archbishop* (BURNS OATES, 15/-), unpretentious, desultory, ending thirty-nine years before its writer's happy death, has the twofold lure of a rare page of colonial history and an unflagging spiritual adventure.

#### Post-Elizabethan

The first three years of JAMES I, from whose contemporary documents Dr. G. B. HARRISON has compiled *A Jacobean Journal* (ROUTLEDGE, 16/6), were a dismal but interesting trio, chiefly remarkable as exhibiting the first efforts of their unlucky successors to foot the bills so handsomely incurred by the Elizabethans. Gone were the days when "our chief hope was for our young captains to come home rich from the Indies." That the King was "at amity with Spain" was known before he arrived; and though there was an outburst of sufficiently catty gossip over the passing of ELIZABETH, JAMES's Scots followers were disliked from the outset. Ladies complained that the rooms of his Captain of the Guard (who ousted RALEIGH) were "lousy"; and the King's impassioned defence of surplices, a year later, naturally annoyed those who liked to get up collections for Geneva. Papists were butchered



"What does C-A-N-A-D-A on the arm stand for?"



with extreme ferocity; and the adventures of GUY FAWKES and other recusant conspirators provide some of Dr. HARRISON's most thrilling pages. The plague decimates its weekly thousands with the homely regularity of motor traffic; but although books are dull, plays were never better, and the close of 1606 sees the first night of *King Lear*.



### Iceland Fishery

The title—*Troubled Waters*—of M. ROGER VERCEL's story of the Iceland fishing grounds (HAMISH HAMILTON, 8/-) has a double application. Literally it indicates the background of stormy northern seas and bleak inhospitable shores which form the setting for the lives of the ship's company of the French trawler *Vulcan*; while metaphorically it aptly describes the perilous eddies and undercurrents, the storms and fogs, the rocks and shoals amid which the souls of the chief actors in the drama must steer their way. The author's obvious intention has been to make the captain's son, *Jean Villemeur*, the central figure on his canvas; but—as so often happens—he has been displaced by another character, and the captain himself fills the eye much more convincingly than the somewhat introspective and neurotic *Jean*. There are also a number of minor characters, all drawn with obvious knowledge and understanding, and the book contains many interesting details of life on board a modern French trawler. The theme of the mental conflict between father and son is handled with much dramatic effect, and the dénouement is striking in its unexpectedness; but to most people, no doubt, the general picture the book affords of the life of the French fisherman of to-day will provide its chief appeal. The translation is well done, despite some awkwardnesses—as, for example, the description of *Camus*, the “gogotier,” as “a little man not much taller than a tumbler.”

### The Governess Takes Charge.

It has become rather a habit for writers of thrillers to give their detectives busmen's holidays, but that is the only “fashion-note” that Miss MARY FITT has allowed in *Death and Mary Dazill* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 7/6). Her Superintendent and two doctors had been doing duty attendance at a policeman's funeral when two old-fashioned ladies arrived with their chauffeur to lay a huge wreath on a 20-year-old grave in a country churchyard. Later, while having tea at the Vicarage, the men heard part of a mysterious story and learned why a weekly wreath was laid on the grave of the old ladies' father and brother but never one flower on that of *Mary Dazill* who was once their young governess. It was a queer tale about strange people and stranger jealousies and passions. It was uncommon enough to draw the listeners back to the village several times again, till at last they were in at the death of the old ladies and heard



HOW A TORN LABEL AROUSED THE SUSPICIONS OF AN ALERT RAILWAY PORTER.

George Morrow, March 10th, 1915

the complete truth. It is an unforgettable book, and its clear, crisp, and beautiful prose, as well as the unusual theme, raise it very high above the average thriller.

### Tale of Our Times

There are two ways of dealing with anxiety: you can face it or hide from it. Miss ANN STAFFORD has chosen to take up the former position in regard to the war-time troubles in her new book, *Cuckoo Green* (COLLINS, 8/-). It is a simple story of how *Ursula Mannering*, waiting for her lover's return from the East, built a home in the country and then, when he had married someone else and war came and all her hopes had failed, found a new life and a wider and happier one in sharing the joys and sorrows of the little community. Some readers may feel Miss STAFFORD's transcription of the thoughts and fears of the first year of the war a little too painfully near to life as we have lived it, but the human and hopeful conclusion of the book, the victory of spirit over circumstance, the hope of “all things new” on which it closes, should have a tonic effect even for them. *Ursula* is charming, but the villagers, farmers, Air Force men, the children, and the Vicar of Cuckoo Green are even more alive and interesting.



"I found the Bonga-Bonga an enthusiastic hair-dresser."

## Our Red Cross Sail

By Smith Minor

THE other day it came over me, like sometimes things do come over you, that I hadn't done anything to win the war for a long wile, though mind you that didn't mean we weren't winning it. But anyhow one has to think of oneself a bit, and when the enlysian\* day comes when the war is over and poeple go round from house to house asking, "What did *you* do?" well, you want to have something to shoot back at them, if you know what I mean, and so far all I could shoot wuoldn't go on a hal'penny. And it's the same with Green, he's another boy.

"What can we do?" I said to this Green, on the day it came over me.

"What can we do about what?" said Green.

"The war," I said.

"Nothing," he said.

"You can't say that before you've thort," I said.

"I have said it," he said.

"You know what I mean," I said.

"Well, *you* think," he said.

"We both will," I said.

"One two three go," he said.

The way we think is to make our minds a blanque, if they aren't already, and to see what comes, if anything. Genrally nothing comes, you see we are young, but sometimes it does, and this time it did. It was a little red cross that got bigger and bigger till the blanque was filled right up. And, believe it or not, as they say, it came not only to me but to both of us, so that we said it together in a signal breth.

"Well, I'm blowed," I said, becorse I was.

"So am I," he said, being too.

Of corse we didn't know quite yet what we meant, becorse we were too young to join the Red Cross, but after making our minds blanque again for another go they got

\* Another word for "Happy."—*Author*.

filled up this time with all sorts of things like white mice and old cricket bats, and so then we knew that what we meant was a Red Cross sail.

Well, now we knew what to do, the next thing to deside was how to do it, and we worked out that it meant three things, *i.e.*, as folows:—

- (1) To let poeple know.
- (2) To colect the things to sell.
- (3) To sell the things.

After a lot of thort we desided to do "1" with a Notise, and the Notise went:—

RED CROSS SAIL

Next WENDESDAY

We suply the Things

You suply the Money

Among the Things will be

PANSY POPPLE

(a white mouse  
that stands on  
its head)

Come and Help to  
Win the War

NEXT WENDESDAY

I don't like bosting, so doesn't Green, but you must admit that was pretty hot, and as we each wrote it out 24 times, making  $24 \times 2 = 48$ , you can bet we made a bit of a stir, in fact, a bit too much, for a pleeceman called and said, "Are you the boy who has been putting all these notises about?"

"Well, one of them," I said.

"Well, you can't do it," he said.

"We have," I said.

"You know what I mean," he said. "You mustn't."

"Oh," I said. "But why not?"

"Why not?" he said. "On your own property you cuold, but not on other poeple's."

"I thort you cuold do anything if it was for the Red Cross," I said.

"What, stick notises on other poeple's front doors and gates and shop windows, not to mension a pillow-box and a pram," he said.

As a matter of fact he said a lot more, and the upshott was that we had to take all the notises down again and put them all on our own houses insted, that made 24 on each, but it was for the Red Cross.

"Wphew," said Green, "I'm tired already."

"So am I," I said, "but we'd be more tired if we had to walk across Lybyia."

"That's true," he said.

Well, next came the buisness of colecting the things to sell, and at first we rather got the wind up becorse the only thing we cuold think of was Pansy Popple, and we cuoldn't find her, it's a girl. But presently we found her on her head on a pen-whiper, she rather likes, and then we started remembering others things as well, some that we'd lent as well as had, and by the day before the Sail we had the folowing itoms to Pansy Popple, and had written them out 48 times, in case we got 48 poeple (one for each notise), as folows, *i.e.*:—

### ITOMS OF THE RED CROSS SAIL

Item 1 PANSY POPPLE, the white mouse that stands on its head. Of corse you must not expekt it always to be on its head, the most likely time is wet wether.



"'For this relief much thanks.' William Shakespeare."  
 "Hensby—Charles Hensby."

- Item 2 A pen-whiper on wich Pansy Popple has stood on its head. The purchessor of Pansy is advised to buy the pen-whiper too.
- Item 3 A Photo of the King.
- Item 4 Fourteen (14) boxes of matches. Remember that one day there may be a Shorthage.
- Item 5 A cricket bat, broken, we grant, but it has made 49 runs, with an avarage of 3·06, and is singed by P. Green and A. Smith.
- Item 6 A Guide to Margate, in a fare state of perservation.
- Item 7 A stuphed fish, caught in 1897 and then stuphed. (NOTE.—We bought this espeshully for the Red Cross Sail, so if we don't get more than, say 1/- for it we shall be down. End of note.)
- Item 8 An apple, old, but of curuous shape. It looks like our greengroser, of corse you don't know him, but you can take it from us that he is curuous.
- Item 9 A colored picture of Pansy Popple singed by the artists, and espeshully done in case the one who is out-biden for Pansy Popple wuold like the picture insted.
- Item 10 Two hankerchifs, not new, but washed.
- Item 11 Surprize Item. A cealed envelop with a coign inside it, there realy is one, but it may be a penny or a half-crown, who knows?\*
- Item 12 A crib.

The crib was Green's idea, he thort it wuold be a joke, of corse he has another.

If the gentel reader thinks we were doing nothing much to win the war, I ask him or her to write out the above twelve itoms 24 times, and I think he or she will change his or her opinnion.

\* It was a penny, but don't forget it mightn't of been.—Auther.

Well, now everything was done bar the Sail itself, but there was one point we hadn't yet setled, i.e., wich wuold do what.

"Wich of us will be the awksioneer?" I said.

"Ah, wich," said Green.

"And wich will hold up the itoms?" I said.

"You can't hold up Pansy Popple," he said.

"True, Popple can hold up herself," I said, "but there will be eleven other itoms. I think you'd be the best awksioneer."

"No, I think you wuold," he said.

So we tossed, and it came down heads, but as we hadn't said what that meant we tossed again, and this time I said tails and it was tails.

"Does that mean I'm the awksioneer or that I choose?" I said.

"I don't know," he said.

So we tossed again, and it came down that I chose, and I chose Green to be awksioneer, farely sweating with releaf.

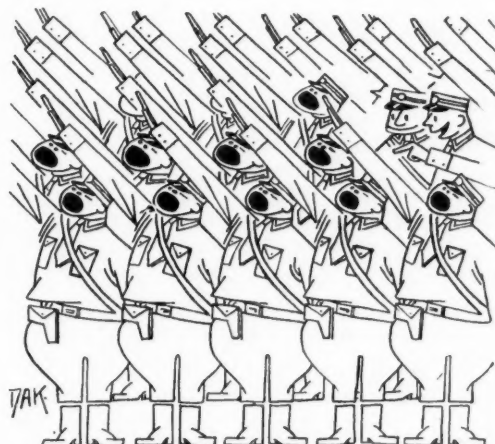
Well, c'etais c'etais, as they say.

Next day, when the time of the Sail came, we wondered weather that was all that wuold come, and what we wuold do if it was, but to our surprize poeple flocked up, not only one's family and frends but crouds of others, some with shoping baskets, we cuoldn't make it out. Green thort it was the 48 notises, and all crouded together they certinly made a splash, but I thort it was to see Pansy Popple stand on her head, luckerly it was a wet day. Anyhow, they came, some even having to stand in the passidge, and before we knew it we were off and Green was shouting, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Item One," and I was putting Pansy on the table.

Then an extrodinery thing hapened. Green banged the table with his hamer and Pansy was so startelled that she turned a compleat sommersort, and an old man said "My God, Five Pounds," and got her.

After that things farely swam, and I tell you I felt almost sick with emosion, though I had to be careful not to show it. The same old man bort the pen-whiper for 3/9, the Photo of the King went for 17/-, I'm not roting, and though the next three Itoms weren't quite so good, the stuphed fish lept up to 11/8½d.

Now don't worry, I'm not going through all the Itoms, that wuold be dull wich I try hard not to be, but I think you'd like to hear of jest two more, i.e., (1) I bort the



"There—I think THAT one must be the Fuehrer—the short fellow with the little moustache."

colored picture of Pansy Popple for 2/1, that shows I wanted it, and (2) the old apple of curious shape looking like our greengroser was borkt by the greengroser himself, he having heard of it and come across to see, how was that for sporting?

When the last Itom had been knocked down we asked them all to wait wile we did a bit of counting, and then Green got up on to the table and announced,

"Ladies and gentlemen, don't feint, we have got Nine Pounds and Fivepence, and we vote you are all jolly desent, and on behoof of the Red Cross and the War, we thank you."

Yes, but the most desent of the lot was the old man. You'll never guess what he did. He gave me back Pansy Popple.

"Oh, no!" I said.

"Tutt, tutt," he said.

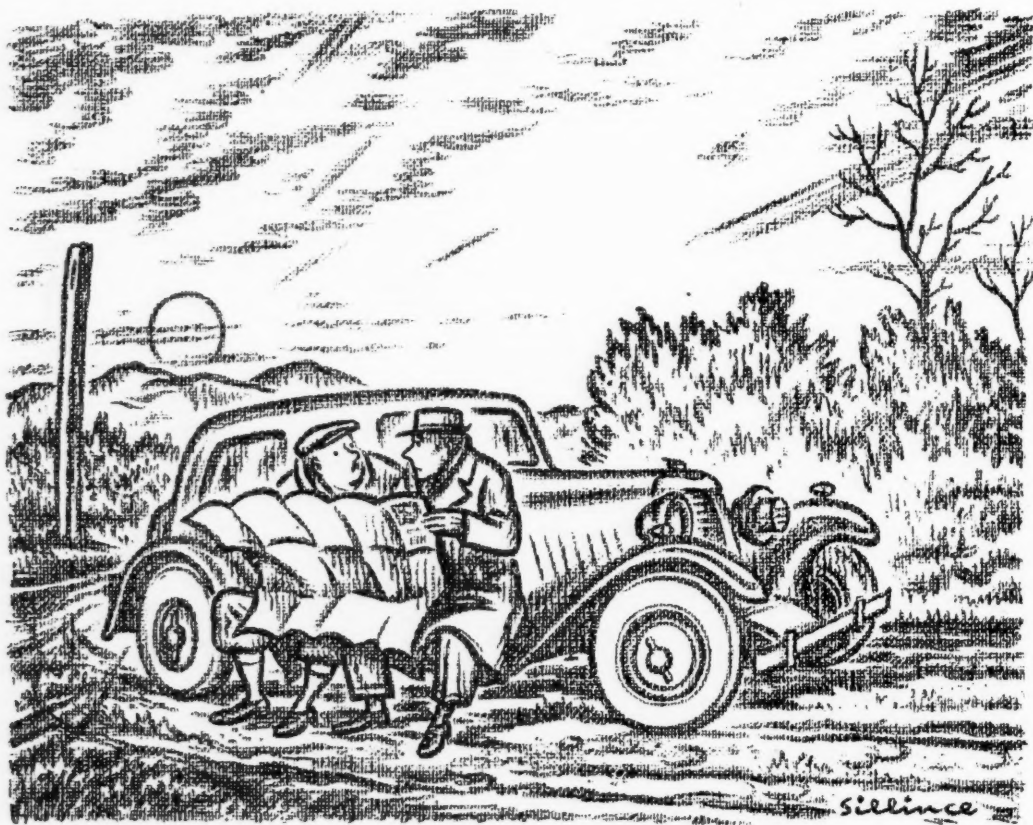
Of corse, I made him take the colored picture. And when Pansy and I were alone together again, I've got to admit, we had jest a bit of a blub.

## Per Ardua ad Astra

THEY fought for us and did not fail,  
And some are dead, and some live on;  
Their glory is beyond the tale  
Of Camelot and Avalon.

They looked on hosts of evil things  
That crossed the line of English foam;  
They soared on frail avenging wings  
And struck them from the skies of home.

Their fame unceasing shall abide,  
Their foemen shall be downward hurled  
Who shocked the overwhelming tide  
And stood alone to save the world.



"That's the trouble—I don't think we ARE on A22."

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